



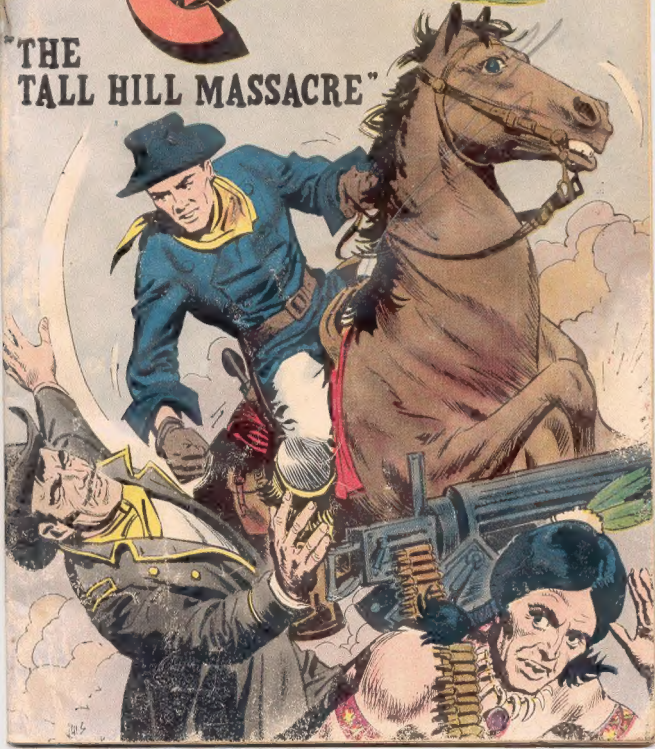
NO. 66
MAY
CDC

CHEYENNE KID



12¢

"THE
TALL HILL MASSACRE"



CHEYENNE KID

DEATH RIDES THE PRAIRIE WINDS

NOW, IN THE LATE SPRING, THE PLAINS INDIANS WERE STARTING TO MOVE AGAIN! COL. JOSHUA GALT, COMMANDING THE FRONTIER FORT AT OGLALA IN THE DAKOTA TERRITORY, HAD SENT FOR REINFORCEMENTS, A CONSIGNMENT OF NEW REPEATING RIFLES, AND A FEW OF THE RECENTLY INVENTED "GATLING" GUNS. HE EXPECTED TROUBLE SOON AFTER THE FIRST THAW... BUT HIS TROUBLE CAME SOONER THAN THAT... WHEN HE WALKED INTO MAJOR ARNOLD BESWICK'S OFFICE AND CAUGHT HIM WITH HIS FINGERS IN THE MONEY JAR CLEAR UP TO HIS ELBOWS! BESWICK DIDN'T HESITATE... HIS FIRST BULLET WOUNDED COL. GALT! AND HIS SECOND JUST MISSED THE CHEYENNE KID!

COLONEL! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

HE... HE'S A THIEF, CHEYENNE!

I WANTED TO KILL YOU BOTH BEFORE I LEFT THE FORT. YOU MADE IT EASY FOR ME!

B 1134

CHEYENNE KID Vol. 1, No. 66, May, 1968.

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THE FIRST BULLET MISSED AND THE ARMY SCOUT LEAPED BEHIND THE HEAVY OAKEN DOOR AS THE SECOND SLUG SLAMMED PAST!

BUNGLING
SCAPE...YOU
THE ONLY
OBSTACLE...



... BETWEEN ME
AND A VAST EMPIRE!
YOU MUST DIE!



A .45 SLUG HIT WITH FANTASTIC IMPACT AND MAJOR BESWICK'S BULLET HAMMERED THE HARDWOOD DOOR INTO THE CHEYENNE KID'S TEMPLE WITH STUNNING FORCE!

THUD



MAJOR BESWICK
LOST NO TIME...
HE PACKED UP
\$34,000 IN BILLS
AND GOLD FROM
THE SAFE, PUT ON
HIS HAT AND OVER-
COAT, AND LINGER-
ED WITH COCKED
.45 OVER THE
UNMOVING BODIES
OF HIS TWO VICTIMS!
SHOULD HE FIRE
ONCE MORE INTO
EACH TO MAKE
SURE THEY

THEY'RE BOTH DEAD
ANYHOW! I'LL NEED
ALL THE AMMUNITION
I'VE GOT OUT THERE...

SPOTTED WOLF
WILL BE AT SPLIT
ROCK. I DON'T
WANT TO KEEP
HIM WAITING



THIS WAS SPOTTED WOLF... MARKED BY BIRTH AND DESTINY TO BE A FIGURE OF EVIL ON THE WIND-SWEPT PRAIRIES! AT HIS BACK THERE WOULD BE A THOUSAND BRAVES... NEEDING ONLY A WEAPON AND A LEADER!



FIRING THE NEW SPENCER REPEATING RIFLES THE TROOPS HADN'T NOTICED THE GUNSHOTS INSIDE MAJOR BESWICK'S OFFICE... AND NOW NO ONE SAW AS THE MAJOR HURRIEDLY LEFT HIS OFFICE.



THE FOOLS... THEY'LL ALL BE DEAD BEFORE SUMMER ENDS.

THOSE MEN WILL CURSE ME. THEY'RE SIX MONTHS BEHIND IN THEIR PAY AND I'VE GOT IT ALL IN THIS SATCHEL!



SERGEANT OF THE GUARD! MAJOR BESWICK'S OFFICE!

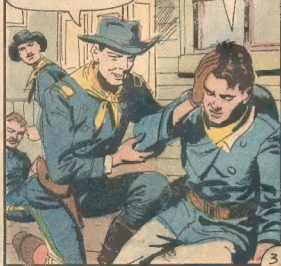
COLONEL, I'VE SENT FOR THE POST SURGEON... JUST BE STILL, DON'T TALK!

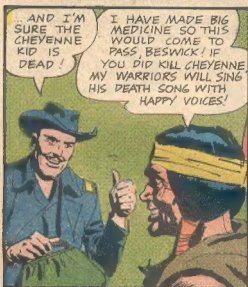
MAJOR BESWICK... HE'S A THIEF! SEND A PATROL AFTER HIM... HE MUST BE BROUGHT BACK FOR TRIAL!



THE CHEYENNE KID ISN'T BLEEDING. HE'S GOT A BAD BRUISE ON HIS HEAD BUT HE...

BESWICK DID IT! GET BESWICK!





THERE WERE
20 MEN IN
THE PLATOON
LED BY LT.
ALKROYD
GUIDED BY THE
CHEYENNE
KID.

MAJOR BESWICK WAS
EXONERATED BY A
GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL
IN WASHINGTON
AND THEN HE WAS SENT
OUT HERE, MORE OR
LESS IN DISGRACE!

HIS HOPES FOR
ADVANCEMENT
WERE ENDED.
HE WAS DIS-
GRACED!

I'VE HEARD HE
GAMBLER WITH
A CATTLE BUYER
IN DENVER!
LOST HEAVILY!



NOW, BECAUSE OF HIS
SELFISH GREED, HE'LL
BRING AN INDIAN WAR
TO THE TERRITORY!



THERE ARE
MORE TRACKS,
CHEYENNE!

HE JOINED UP
WITH A BUNCH OF
OGLALA SIOUX,
LIEUTENANT!
COME ON!



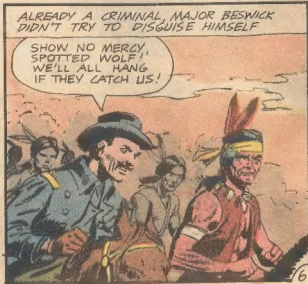
WATCH OUT
FOR...



...TRAAAAAYHHH!

PULL UP!
PULL UP!





THIS WAS CAPT. O'BOYLE. HIS SCOUTS
REPORTED NO INJUN SIGN... FORT
OGLALA WAS A FEW HOURS AWAY
HE WAS BEGINNING TO RELAX...

GIVE 'EM A TOUCH OF THE
WHIP, LADS! WE'LL EAT
HOT FOOD IN THE FORT
TONIGHT!



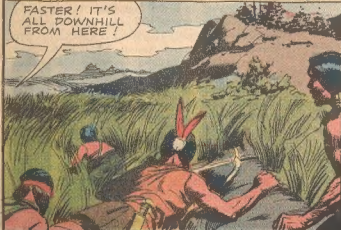
A MILE AWAY SPOTTED
WOLF SAW THE ROLLING
WAGONS AND...

THEY COME, BES-WICK,
JUST AS YOU SAID!
WE WILL BE HIDDEN
DOWN IN THE GRASS
OF THE MEADOW!



HIDDEN IN THE TALL GRASS, THE INDIANS
WERE SILENT... WAITING WITH THE CREAK OF
LEATHER HARNESS IN THEIR EARS AND THE
SQUEAL OF THE HEAVILY LADEN WHEELS!

FASTER! IT'S
ALL DOWNHILL
FROM HERE!



SHURE, THERE'LL
BE NO RED RASCALS
THIS CLOSE TA THE
FORT! YEEEEAAHH!



THEY SPRANG
FROM THE GROUND
LIKE DEADLY WEEDS
THEIR BULLETS
SMASHED INTO THE
STARTLED TROOPS
AND EVEN CAPT.
O'BOYLE LOST HIS
CHANCE TO RALLY
THE MEN WHEN
MAJOR BESWICK
APPEARED!

O'BOYLE! IT'S ME
... MAJOR BESWICK!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!

MAJOR!
WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?



END PART I

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF'S CORNER

Come on, you Western fans, and get ready for something new! We have asked an Old Timer to give us a hand. He still has his Deputy Sheriff's badge, can ride a horse, shoot his rifle, or six-gun, trail a man, and he knows his West. He will write a special column for this publication. It will consist of answers to questions you send him about the Old West. Make it brief and to the point. There will be no personal replies, but from your letters will be chosen one to be answered in this column in every issue of this publication.

Dear Deputy Sheriff:

My friend and I like very much all the western pictures we can see. We especially enjoy those that have a lot of fighting in them. Now there is something we would like to have you answer for us.

We notice that when they show fighting between the Indians and the soldiers, even though the Indians may win a fight, they eventually end up as the losers. I asked my teacher if ever the Indians won a war against this country. He said he didn't know. Maybe you know? If so, tell us.

Your friend,

Burt J.

Dear Burt J:

The answer to your question is that, as far as I can find, it did happen once. Red Cloud, Oglala Sioux Chief, stands alone in the history of the American West as the chief who won a war with the United States! So let us look at the facts.

"A magnificent specimen of physical manhood, as full of action as a tiger." So Mahipia Luta ("Red Cloud," from a meteor which turned the sky scarlet at the time of his birth) was described by the famed Indian fighter, Gen. George Crook, as the Oglala Sioux Chief, then 44, led Indian opposition to Government proposals to construct forts along the Boseman Trail in 1865. No white encroachment was more bitterly resented by the Teton, or Western Sioux, and Cheyennes than this attempt to fortify the wild road across the western part of the continent, through Wyoming to the newly discovered gold fields of Montana. For the Boseman Trail cut across the best remaining buffalo grounds.

Red Cloud was grimly determined to keep the Army out of the Indian hunting grounds. With a party of Sioux and Cheyennes, he intercepted the first small detachment of troops sent out to begin construction along the Boseman Trail in the summer of 1865 and kept them prisoner for more than two weeks. When commissioners were sent to treat with the Sioux that fall, Red Cloud refused to allow transactions to start and himself boycotted the council. Later he attended a meeting.

But even while discussions were taking place, a strong force of troops had arrived and begun occupation of Wyoming's Powder River country. Upon learning of this, the furious Red Cloud seized his rifle and shouted a defiant message, then stalked out of the meeting with his followers.

The Army proceeded to carry out the orders to fortify the trail. For two years fighting continued, known as "Red Cloud's War." The largest post on the trail, Fort Phil Kearny, was kept under relentless siege. And not even a load of hay could be brought in from the prairies except under strongly armed guard. When Captain William J. Fetterman with eighty men, attempted to rescue a woodcutting party under attack near the fort in December 1866, Red Cloud's warriors lured them into ambush and killed every one.

Although there were some Army victories, Red Cloud and his followers resisted so effectively that again the Government attempted to negotiate. His ultimatum was complete abandonment of all posts and of all further attempt to open the Montana road. He refused to sign or even to be present at a meeting until the garrisons had actually been withdrawn and he had seen the hated forts burn to the ground.

So from this you can see he had won a war against the United States. I was alive when he died, but don't try to figure out my age.

The Deputy Sheriff

If you want to write a letter to the Deputy Sheriff, address it

The Deputy Sheriff

% Charlton Comics

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Derby, Conn. 06418

CHEYENNE KID

THE TALL HILL MASSACRE

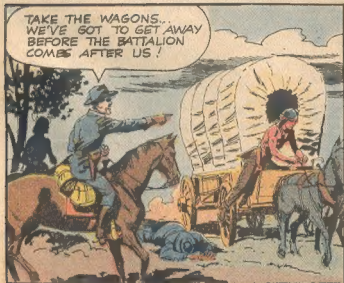
THIS WAS THE ULTIMATE
TREACHERY! MAJOR BESWICK
BELLOWED HIS ORDER TO HOLD
FIRE AT O'BOYLE. THEN COOLLY
SHOT THE JUNIOR OFFICER
WHEN HE OBEYED!

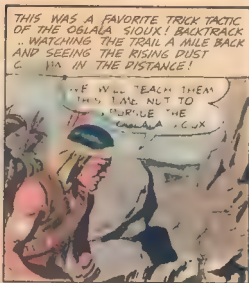
NO MERCY...
WIPE OUT EVERY
YELLOWLEG!

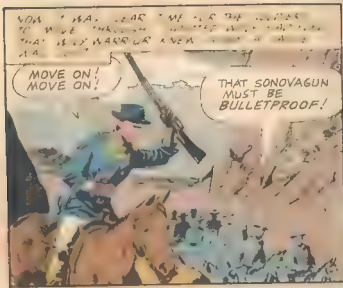
YOU
TRUSTING
FOOL!



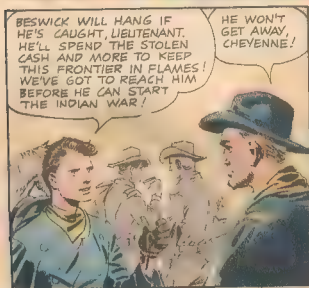
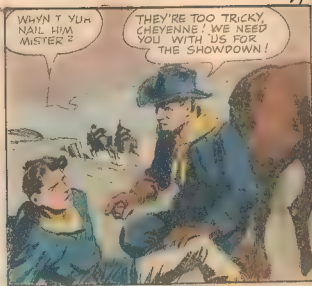
TAKE THE WAGONS...
WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY
BEFORE THE BATTALION
COMES AFTER US!

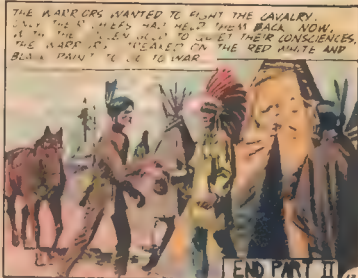
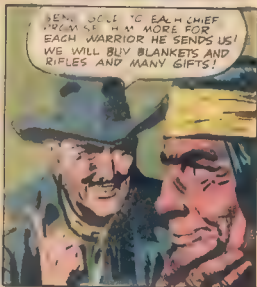












CHEYENNE KID

MORE THAN THIRTY CHIEFS
GOTTEN WORD, AND MOST OF THEM
SENT THEIR TROUBLEMAKERS.
SPOTTED WOLF! IN RETURN, THEY GOT
MAJOR BESWICK'S STOLEN GOLD, AND
THE GOLD HALLON SENT OUT THE
REPEATIN' RIFLES, BEAT IT BY
SPOTTED WOLF'S COURIERS!

BESWICK'S BATTLE



WE FIGHT
YELLOW LEG
SOLDIERS?

TAKE MANY BULLETS
AND EAT WELL.
SPOTTED WOLF WILL
TELL ALL OF YOU
HIS PLAN, AT SUN-UP!

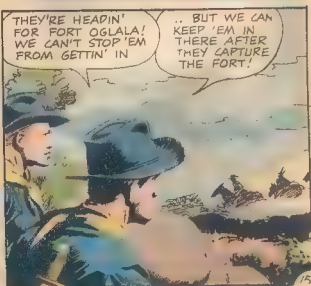
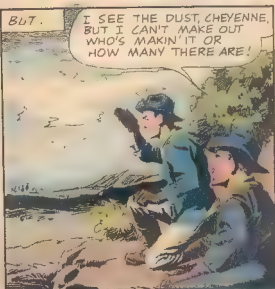
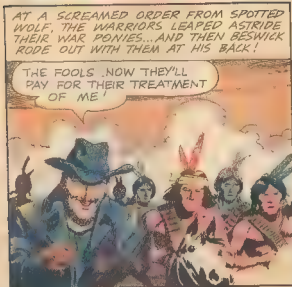
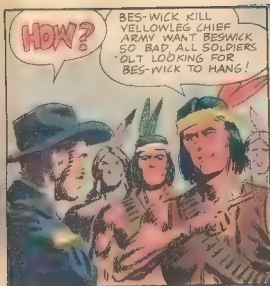
SPOTTED WOLF MADE MEDICINE
ALL NIGHT HE WAS ON
OF VICTORY JUST AS THE SUN
LEAPED UP OVER THE EASTERN
RIM OF THE PRAIRIE.

THEN IT WAS TIME

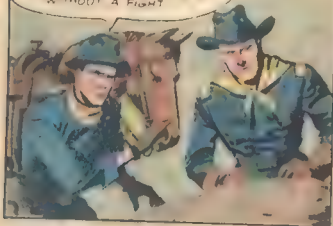
THE TRAP WAS
ALREADY SET

WE AMBUSH
THE WARRIORS?
WE SET TRAP?





I CAN BEAT 'EM TO THE FORT.
EUTENANT I'LL TELL THE
COLONEL SURBON TO GET THE
COLONE OUT THE WEST GATE
IF SPOTTED WOLF TAKE IT
WITHOUT A FIGHT



A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE
CHEYENNE KID IS ON THE WAY



OVER BOY, IF YOU
CAN'T BREAK A LEG
I'LL BEAT 'EM THERE



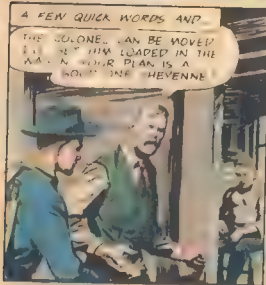
CHEYENNE
THERE ARE
THE OTHERS

NEVER MIND
I'VE GOT TO
LEAVE THE FORT



A FEW QUICK WORDS AND

THE COLONEL CAN BE MOVED
LET HIM LOADED IN THE
WAGON YOUR PLAN IS A
WOLF ONE CHEYENNE



IT MAY BE MORE DIFFICULT
TO DEAL WITH SPOTTED WOLF
AND THAT I'LL NEED
BLANKETS SINCE THEY ARE
NOT THIS FORT I
DESIGNED MYSELF AND

THEY WON'T
HAVE IT ALL
TO THEMSELVES
I'LL A
BETTER
LEAVE



THE OGLALA
SIOUX WERE
SCREAMING
SHRILL DEFIANCE
AS THEY RACED
TOWARD THE
FORT! THEIR
REPEATING
RIFLES ROARED
AND THEY KICKED
THEIR LEAN WAR
PONIES TO
GREATER SPEED
AS THEY SAW THE
MAIN GATES OF
THE FORT YAWN-
ING OPEN.

THEY CAN'T
STOP US NOW,
SPOTTED WOLF!

WE MUST WIPE
THE GARRISON
OUT!

WAIT! THERE IS
NO ONE HERE!
SAVE YOUR BULLETS!

THEY
ABANDONED
T!

THIS WILL BE
OUR HEADQUARTERS,
SPOTTED WOLF! OUR
RECRUITS CAN COME
HERE... WE CAN
TRAIN THEM!

YOUR PLAN
IS GOOD,
BES-WICK!
I WILL FOLLOW
IT AS LONG
AS YOUR
STOLEN GOLD
LASTS!

THIS DESK SHOULD'VE
BEEN MINE I SHOULD'VE
BEEN PROMOTED SIX MONTHS
AGO! NOW, I COMMAND
AT LAST!

MOVE AN'
YUH DIE
MAJOR BESWICK!

YOU KNOW WHERE
THE PRISON CELLS
ARE. GO TO THEM!

WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME
TO DO?

THE BELLS WERE BENEATH THE OFFICE BESWICK'S
SHOUTS COULDN'T BE HEARD DOWN THERE!

THE COLONEL WILL
HEAR YOUR CASE
AFTER I GET RID
OF SPOTTED WOLF

THAT WON'T BE
EASY, CHEYENNE.



SORRY, BUDDY
I NEED THIS!



THE SIOUX HAD LOCKED THE GATES SO WHEN THE
GATLING GUN SUDDENLY STUTTERED AND BULLETS
STREAMED AROUND THE FOLLOWERS OF SPOTTED
WOLF, SUDDEN PANIC PARALYZED THEM.

THE CHEYENNE DEVIL...
HE IS NOT HUMAN!

ATTACK HIM... HE
IS ONLY ONE MAN!



WE WILL ALL DIE
THERE WILL BE A
DEATH SONG IN
THE VILLAGE



BUT THEY WILL
NOT SING MY
DEATH SONG! I
SURRENDER!
CHEYENNE!

I AM BETRAYED
BY THE COWARD
OF MY
PEOPLE!



A WEEK LATER, WITH NORMAL ORDER
RESTORED IN THE FORT THE CHEYENNE KID
WATCHED THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT
PRISONERS BEING TAKEN OUT!

YOU WERE LUCKY,
RENEGADE!

YOU WERE STUPID,
TRAITOR!



END

THIS IS A SPACE SHIP FROM
THE FAR DISTANT PLANET
SIRIUS FIVE...



AND THIS IS A MEXICAN
BANDIT CHIEF NAMED
EL PERRO...



THIS IS A PROSPECTOR,
JEB DOOLEY.



AND **THIS ??** WELL, PARDS,
THIS THE MOST **UNUSUAL**
WESTERN HERO OF THIS
MOST UNUSUAL WESTERN
SERIES...



WANDER

WE CAN HEAR THE PURISTS HOWLING NOW!
"SPACESHIPS IN A WESTERN MAG ? RIDICULOUS ! ABSURD !
JUST PLAIN DUMB !" WELL, COULD BE... BUT WHY NOT STICK
AROUND FOR THE NEXT EIGHT PAGES ? YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF
LIKING OUR ABSURD, RIDICULOUS AND JUST PLAIN DUMB STORY...

FROM THE CHARLTON CORRA. (WHICH IS PURELY FULL OF LOCO NEED)

DICK GIORDANO • SERGIUS O'SHAUGNESSY • JIM APARO

EDITOR

SCRIPTER

ARTIST

TIME 1879!
PLACE: THE TEXAS-
MEXICO BORDER!

WHY YOU DON' COME OUT,
AMIGO? GEEY US YOUR GOW.
YOUR MULE AN' ALL YOUR GOLD?
WE DON'T HORT YOU THEN!

WE ONLY SHOOT
YOU A LEETLE!
HEE HEE!

I AIN'T GOT NO GOLD,
YUH SIDE WINDERS! AND
IFN I DID I'D SOONER
DIE THAN GIVE IT TO
YOU!

POW

P-WING

A VERY S'OBORN
MAN! TOO BAD!

HEY AMIGOS,
WHAT'S THAT IN
THE SKY?

LES' DON' LOOK
IN THE SKY TILL
WE FEENESH OUR
BUSINESS ON THE
GROUND!

BUT THE STRANGE, AIRBORNE OBJECT CAN'T
BE GNORED! CLOSER AND CLOSER IT COMES
BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER...

CARAMBA!

IT HORTS
MYEYES!

MADRE MIA!
IT MUST BE
AN ANGEL.

GOING OVER
THE HEEL...

I WEEL NEVER
SHOOT NOBODY
AGAIN

A SECOND LATER, A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION ROCKS
THE EARTH...

KA-WHOOP!



WAS A
EARTHQUAKE?

NO, WAS
LIGHTNING!

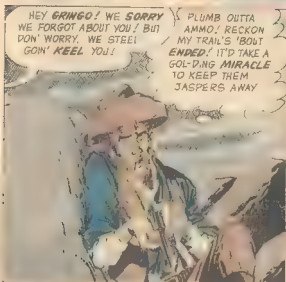
BUT EL PERRO. THE SUN
EES SHINING! HOW
COULD IT BE
LIGHTNING?



I'M THE **BOSS**, AND I SAY WAS **LIGHTNING!**
YOU DEESAGREE, PEE G?

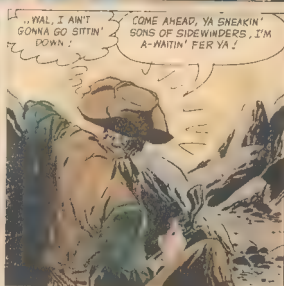
OF ..OF COURSE
NOT, PERRO!

GOOD! NOW, WE FEENESH
WHAT WE **START!**



HEY **GRINGO!** WE **SORRY**
WE FORGOT ABOUT YOU! BUT
DON' WORRY, WE STEEL
GOM' **KEEL** YOU!

PLUMB OUTTA
AMMO! RECKON
MY TRAIL'S 'BOUT
ENDED! IT'D TAKE A
GOL-DING **MIRACLE**
TO KEEP THEM
JASPERS AWAY



..YAL, I AIN'T
GONNA GO SITIN'
DOWN!

COME AHEAD, YA **SNEAKIN'**
SONS OF **SIDEWINDERS**, I'M
A-WAITIN' FER YA!



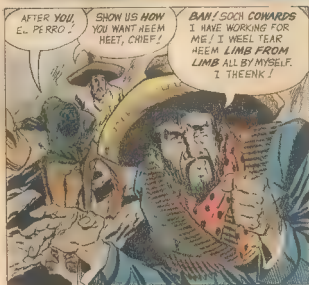
WE ARE
GONNA GO
GOT ANY LAST
WORDS?

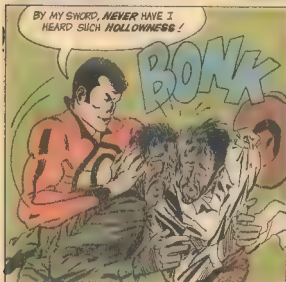
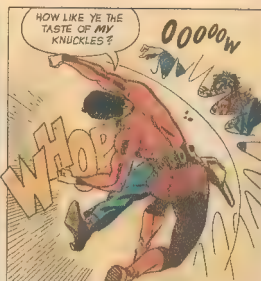
SHURE AVE YOU
ARE THE MAN, THE
UGLIEST, ROTTENEST

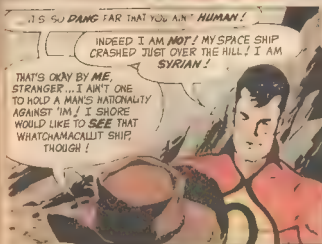
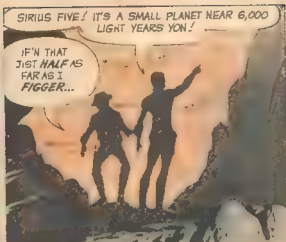
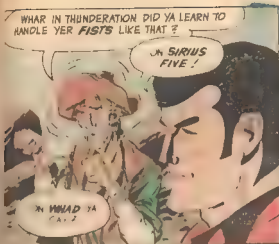
SOCH **EENSOLTS!**
I'M AT MY **MOTHER**
EES NOT HERE TO
LEESTEN TO THEES
FILTHY WORD



ADIOS LA VIDA, GRINGO OR
MUCHA... ADIOS!!

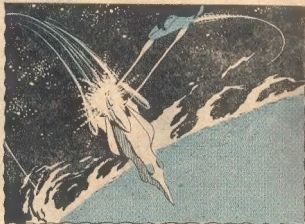






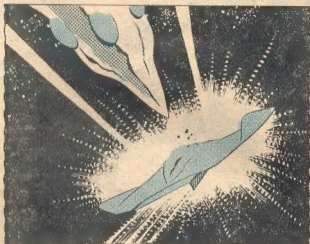


"I WAS ROUNDING YOUR SUN WHEN THE VARLOTS FELL UPON ME! ERE I COULD ACT, THEY DAMAGED MY STERN POWER PLANT WITH THEIR VILLAINOUS NUCLEAR BLASTERS!



WITHIN A HEARTBEAT, I HAD MY VENGEANCE! I CAUGHT THEM IN MY SIGHTS AND FIRED! MY RAY HIT THEM MIDSHIPS...

AND THEY PERISHED!



BUT I COULD NOT REPAIR THE HARM THEY HAD DONE, AND SO I WAS FORCED TO SEEK OUT THE NEAREST PLANET WHICH COULD SUSTAIN MY FORM OF LIFE... THIS PLANET!

I HAD BARELY ENOUGH POWER LEFT TO CRASH MY SHIP HERE! WHEN I EMERGED FROM ITS WRECKED HULK, I HEARD THE SOUND OF YOUR PRIMITIVE FIREARMS! IT WAS THEN I CAME TO YOUR AID!"





THAT IS *SOME* TALE, STRANGER! AN' I WOULDN'T B' LIEVE A *WORD*, 'CEPT I *SEE* THIS HERE CONTRAPTION! BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YORE *HANDLE*?

MY... *HANDLE* ?? OH, MAYCHANCE YOU MEAN MY *NAME*? I AM CALLED *WINDWAR*! THE GALACTIC *MERCHANT*!



IF N' YOU DON'T *MIND*, I'LL JUST CALL YA *WANDER*! AN' WHAT ELSE DID YOU SAY...? *SOME* KINDA *MERCHANT*?

AYE! I TAKE MY *WARES* FROM *WORLD* TO *WORLD*, SELLING THEM!

SHHH, AMIGOS... THERE THEY ARE!



OH, A *TRAVELIN'* *SALESMAN*, HEY? ONE MORE QUESTION... WHY YOU TALK SO *ODD* LIKE?

MY *SPEECH* IS NOT *PROPER*? I SUPPOSE NOT... IT HAS BEEN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE ONE OF MY PEOPLE LAST STOPPED HERE!

DON' MEES THEM, AMIGOS!

DON' WORRY, CHIEF! THEY GON' BE SORRY THEY GEEV U'S TROUBLE!



BUT AS THE BANDIT SQUEEZES HIS TRIGGER...

BEWARE!

YEOW! RECKON AS A *HOG TIER*, I'M A MIGHTY FINE MINER! DIDN'T FIGGER THEY'D GIT LOOSE SO SOON!

CORSES! I MEES!



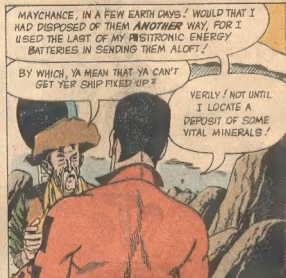
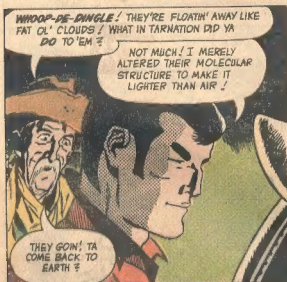
COME! WE SHALL SETTLE WITH THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL!

YOU GOT SOME KINDA *GUN* HERE? GONNA *KILL* 'EM?

NO! THEY DESERVE *WORSE*!



A FEW ADJUSTMENTS TO THE *MOLECULE ALTERATION RAY*...



BUY CHARLTON COMICS!

(we need the money!)

